

FREMONT WEEKLY FREEMAN.

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FREMONT FREEMAN:

J. S. FOLKE, Editor and Publisher.

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I. O. O. F.

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FREMONT, OHIO. 32

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Office—One door south of A. B. Taylor's store, up stairs. Aug. 31, 1850.

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FREMONT, OHIO. 1

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FREMONT, OHIO. 1

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TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Fremont and adjacent country.
Office—One door north of E. Lippelman's Jewellery Store, where he will cheerfully attend to any case, except when absent on professional duty.
June 24, 1850.

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FREMONT, OHIO. 14

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FREMONT, OHIO.

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FREMONT, OHIO.

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FREMONT, OHIO.
December 15, 1849.

THE choicest Liquors and Wines for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes for sale at
BUCKLAND'S.

Doctry.

BY DAVID BATES.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,
With its careless, thoughtless air,
Like the verdant, tangled wildwood,
Wants the training hand of care.
For it springs all around us—
Glad to know and quick to learn;
Asking questions that confound us;
Teaching lessons in its turn.
Who loves not its joys reveal,
Leaping lightly on the lawn,
Up the knoll, along the level,
Giving to the little dears,
Strength of limb, and healthful features,
For the toil of coming years.
He that checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and mortal wrong.
Let it revel: it is nature,
Thinking and feeling as it flows,
Strength of limb, and healthful features,
For the toil of coming years.
He that checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and mortal wrong.
Let it revel: it is nature,
Thinking and feeling as it flows,
Strength of limb, and healthful features,
For the toil of coming years.

Give it play, and never fear it—
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit—
Curb it only to direct.
Would you dam the flowing river,
Or restrain the wind from blowing,
Orward it must go forward—
Better teach it where to go.

Childhood is a fountain swelling,
Trace its channel in the sand,
And its currents, spreading, swelling,
Will revive the withering land.
Childhood is the vernal season;
Trim and train the tender shoot,
Love is the coming reason,
As the blossom to the fruit.

Tender twigs are bent and folded—
Art to nature beauty lends;
Childhood easily is moulded;
Manhood breaks, but seldom bends.

Miscellaneous.

THE OATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
From the Boston Weekly Museum.

Arthur Raymond, a young man about twenty-five years of age, came suddenly into the possession of an immense fortune, by the death of his father.

Arthur decided upon spending the time of mourning upon his estate in Brittany, where, as the son of one of the oldest and richest families of the place, he soon became a perfect lion, and indulged with impunity all his whims and fancies.

He went hunting upon his neighbor's domains, and the game keepers closed their eyes; he courted and seduced the young and pretty country lasses, and as he was handsome, agreeable, and rich, they never thought of complaining, and the good natured mother had too much regard for his income to entertain the slightest fears.

Arthur Raymond however soon became tired of the innocent pleasures of a country village and began to look abroad for new diversions.

At first he was seen wandering in all directions; but soon he was observed to follow daily, the road which led to a neighboring village some two miles distant. His visits continued, for about three months, and then he suddenly took up his abode in the village, and to live by himself, calmly strolling about his park and receiving no one but his valet.

One morning, however, a man of respectable appearance, about forty years of age, presented himself at the gate of the chateau, and desired to be introduced to Mr. Raymond.

"Mr. Raymond does not see company to-day," replied the servant.

"Go tell your master that Mr. Jerome wishes to see him," insisted the stranger.

The servant obeyed, and soon returned, saying that his master did not know any Mr. Jerome, and that he would not receive him.

Mr. Jerome coolly pushed aside the servant, and entered. He crossed the green lawn in front of the house, and soon found himself in a magnificent park, and in one of the avenues he perceived Mr. Raymond, walking in a melancholy attitude.

He advanced towards the young man, who, as soon as he perceived the intrusion of the stranger, hastened towards him, and addressed him in an angry tone.

"Sir," said Arthur, as soon as his voice could be heard by the stranger, "I find it exceedingly strange, that you should intrude yourself upon me, against my wishes. To whom have I the honor of speaking, sir?"

"I have sent you my name," quietly answered the stranger.

"But I know not your name, sir, and therefore,"

"When you have heard my reasons, sir, you will acknowledge that I had a right to intrude myself in your presence. Besides, I come on business, of more importance to you than myself, since it refers to your honor."

"My honor. What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. My errand concerns your honor."

Mr. Jerome, as we said before, was a man about forty years old; his appearance prepossessing and dignified; his countenance at once serious and modest, inspired respect; and although Arthur Raymond had a most violent temper, he could not help casting down his eyes before the coldness of the stranger, as he said:

"Explain yourself, sir."

"As it would not be right," continued Mr. Jerome, "that you should be entirely ignorant of my standing and character, I will first tell you, sir, that by birth I am, at least equal to you, and that my principles are better than yours."

Arthur Raymond drew back one step, casting a contemptuous look upon Mr. Jerome.

"We will not mind our birth, however," said Mr. Jerome. "That's wholly beyond our control, and no one can boast of it; as to the rest, I have been so fortunate as to serve my country, and this honorable calling I still pursue. I do not believe that you can say as much for yourself. You are young; it is true; but you have not begun life yet; you live in idleness and—"

"This is sufficient, sir," interrupted Raymond haughtily. "To the point, I pray you."

"Willingly; some three months ago, sir, you appeared for the first time, in the village of C—, about two miles distant. Madame Dupont, the widow of an officer, who died on the battlefield, in 1812, resides in that village. Madame Dupont has three children, two daughters, the elder of whom is eighteen, and one son ten years old. But you must know all this better than I do."

"Yes, sir," replied Raymond, who had become thoughtful.

"You know, also," continued Mr. Jerome, "that Madame Dupont has a fortune, which, although not large, is of some consequence in the country, and that without speaking of the

father's fame, the mother and her daughters are renowned for their piety and virtue. Finally, you must be aware, that besides their virtues and accomplishments, the young girls can boast of uncommon beauty, the elder especially, (Miss Eugenie), whose mind and rare qualities can find but few equals in the country. You introduced yourself into Madame Dupont's family, and you were received with the distinction due to your name and standing. Your visits became more frequent, and you appeared to have formed an attachment for Miss Eugenie."

Soon you called every day, and just at the time when Madame Dupont had a right to expect an explanation, and an offer, (for such assurances on the part of a young man, must always have a motive, and when they have none, they compromise the honor of a family,) just at that moment, I say, you suddenly disappeared, and are not heard of till—"

And Madame Dupont has sent you to ask some explanations, I suppose?"

"Madame Dupont?" exclaimed Jerome, with an air of perfect astonishment. "I do not even know her by sight, and never have entered her house."

"You are neither a relation nor a friend of the family?"

"None at all, sir."

"Then, what are you meddling with?"

"What am I meddling with?" replied Mr. Jerome, in the quietest manner; "why, with that which is honorable, which is just; in a word with your honor."

"It is very kind of you indeed," ironically replied Arthur.

"Not in the least. I have taken an interest in you; and it seems to me, that in order to act as an honorable man, you must marry Miss Eugenie," and Mr. Jerome emphasized the word *must*.

"Ah! indeed; I must?"

"Yes, sir, it seems to me entirely necessary."

"And if I did not think that it was necessary?"

"But you cannot think so, sir. You understand the matter as well as I do; you know the protestations of love you have made; you know the value of your vows and your promises; you know all the love which Miss Eugenie has for you, and—"

"Then, it is Miss Eugenie who has sent you?" inquired Arthur.

"She; Miss Eugenie! I swear to you that she does not know me," replied Jerome.

Mr. Jerome then pictured to Arthur Raymond, in the most vivid colors, how honorable and advantageous this marriage would be to him. He entered into such minute details, and related such intimate circumstances, that he quite astonished his hearer.

"You have pledged your word," he continued, "you have taken advantage of the inexperience of the young girl, to seduce her affections, and you have thus placed yourself in such a situation, that you cannot now withdraw without dishonor! You are well aware of it yourself; and this retreat to which you have condemned yourself, and where your bad inclinations struggle against your good qualities, is the best proof of it. I am therefore rejoiced to believe sir, that you will at once, repair to Madame Dupont, and ask her daughter's hand in marriage."

"No, sir," said Arthur, "I will not, replied Arthur in a resolute manner."

"What has been your life, so far?" continued Jerome. "Abusing of your youth, of your natural advantages, and of your wealth; you have deceived innocent girls, obtained what you call a thousand conquests, done much harm and little good. Would to Heaven, that some one like me should have stopped you in the midst of your wicked career, and obliged you to marry your first victim!"

"Marry, sir?"

"Yes, marry. There are wrongs for which nothing less can atone."

Raymond, all abashed at the unexpected words of Mr. Jerome, tried but in vain, to struggle against the firmness of his antagonist. He endeavored, at the same time, to account for the motives which could have led this man to meddle with an affair, which appeared to have been no interest to him; but there was such calm dignity on Mr. Jerome's countenance, that his interference could be attributed to no bad motives or passion, nor even to personal interest. He seemed instigated merely by the desire of preventing a wicked action, and to see an honest one accomplished.

"Then, sir," said he, to Arthur, "you refuse to marry Miss Eugenie Dupont?"

"Yes, sir, I do most decidedly."

"Take care, and consider that under existing circumstances, your action is that of a coward."

"A coward!" exclaimed Arthur passionately, "take care yourself what you say."

"I say the deed of a coward," coolly repeated Mr. Jerome. "Captain Dupont died, you know on the battlefield; his widow is left without near relations or friends to protect her; her daughters are without support. She has a son, it is true, but he is too young yet, and could not avenge her wrongs these ten years, and ten years is a long time to harbor an offence. You know all that, sir, and you have basely abused your advantages."

"Not take those words, sir, or I will make you repent," cried Arthur.

"Not at all; I know well, and I understand that usual means would not suffice to bring you back to duty, and I am prepared for anything—sure never to repent. You are a coward, a man without honor or principle—you are a villain!"

"Sir, you shall give me satisfaction."

"With all my heart. There are swords in the carriage which brought me here. But sir, remember, a duel is often the judgment of God. How will you find it in your heart to turn your sword against me, who asks you only what is just and honorable; that which your conscience and your love urge you to do. Come, sir, think how different your conduct would have been if the father of the young girl was still living, or if her brother was twenty. But here I am; I will take the place of the husband, of the father, of the brother whom you thought too young to punish you. I am ready, sir; come."

"I am at your service," replied Arthur.

"Have you any weapons?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Let us then abandon mine and take yours. The swords were brought, and both disappeared in a thick avenue of the park."

Mr. Jerome, his arms crossed upon his breast walked slowly, his head bent down as if buried in profound meditation.

Mr. Jerome said Arthur, in consenting to this rencontre, I commit two errors; the first is, to fight against a man whom I do not know; the second is, to fight against a man whom I do not know; but what is the second?"

"The second is to fight without witnesses."

"That is true, also; but, in this case, you must observe that I am most imprudent of the two. I fight you in your own park, and if I kill you, I may pass for an assassin, while you would be supposed to have defended yourself. However, you may call your servants."

"No, sir, no. Everything it seems must be extraordinary in this rencontre."

"More than you think, sir. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

The combat was of short duration. Mr. Jerome at once disarmed his adversary, then he politely begged him to pick up his sword, and to make a few reflections. After two or three minutes had elapsed, the fight was renewed, and Jerome with a violent blow, having disarmed the sword of his adversary wounded him on the left arm.

"Sir, said he, making a low bow, 'I am your most humble servant—till the pleasure of meeting you again.' And, turning upon his heel, left the park, and re-entered his carriage."

"When Arthur perceived that he was bleeding, and began to feel the first sensation of pain, he hastened back to the chateau, went to bed, and sent for his physician."

"It's a mere scratch," said the doctor. "None of the muscles have been touched, and in a fortnight you will be all right again. But this accident appears me rather singular."

"It does so to me, also, Doctor."

"Are you not 'first rate' at fencing?"

"I am usually, Doctor, but compared to my adversary, I must confess that I am a mere scholar; he at once disabled me, and his strength enabled him to touch me in a spot where the sword seldom reaches; he chose the place."

"Hum! Hum!" said the Doctor, shaking his head.

"And" continued the wounded man, "it was all done in a twinkling. By the way do you know that Mr. Jerome?"

"Mr. Jerome? never heard of such a name," replied the Doctor. "But what was the cause of this duel, Mr. Raymond?"

This inquiry caused Arthur to cast down his eyes, and he replied, blushing—

"Oh! I hardly know—an old quarrel—the face of that gentleman does not please me, and mine is disagreeable to him."

"Well, well!" said the Doctor, "put on twenty-five leeches and be careful of your diet. It'll soon be all right."

A fortnight after, Arthur Raymond, as the Doctor predicted, had entirely recovered, and was walking leisurely in the park, when Mr. Jerome was announced.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "my turn has come at last!"

Mr. Jerome advanced slowly towards Arthur, whom he found in the park, nearly in the same place as on his former visit.

"Sir," said he, "I am delighted to find you in good health. I did not call upon you during your sickness, because I knew that your case was not dangerous, and that your friends had nothing to fear for your safety."

"Friends!" exclaimed Arthur, "do you have the pretension, sir, to rank yourself among them?"

"Certainly, sir, and amongst your most devoted."

"Well! my friend," continued the young man with irony, "you will perhaps allow me to take my revenge?"

"That depends, sir—I do not like duels, but there are occasions, circumstances when a duel is inevitable. But, sir, when a duel has been fairly fought, what is the use of another? What can you complain of? Have I not spared your life twice; once when I disarmed you, and the other, when, instead of thrusting my sword through your heart, as I might easily have done, I satisfied myself with inflicting upon you a mere scratch? Is it for this which you wish to revenge yourself? No, sir, let us understand each other. In this case, you are the offender and I the offended one, or at least it is Miss Eugenie Dupont, whose right I am defending."

"Does she know that I was wounded for her sake?" inquired Arthur, eagerly.

"For her sake?" exclaimed Jerome. "Well! this is rather cool. You fought on her account or rather against her; it is, I sir, who fought for her sake."

"Against her! Never," returned Arthur.

"It would be difficult to explain the matter any differently," continued Jerome. "I come to you, I urge you to fulfill a sacred duty—you refuse to comply with my requests, and you to prefer exposing yourself to being wounded and even being killed, rather than to fulfill an honorable engagement!"

"Honor, again?" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes, honor; and then what do you mean by fighting for the sake of Miss Eugenie? However, I do not know whether she has heard of the duel or not; as I told you once, I have not the honor of her acquaintance."

Arthur Raymond appeared almost to have forgotten his project, at revenge, and conversation had become dull, when Mr. Jerome said, in a calm and affectionate manner—

"I come, my dear sir about that same affair of which I spoke to you a fortnight ago."

"I have heard of Madame Dupont's family," said Arthur, without noticing the remark of his visitor.

"Indeed," exclaimed Jerome, with delight, "you have been to see them. Oh! Heaven be praised!"

"I have not been out of my house, sir, but I heard, indirectly, that a young man, rich, and who belongs to a good family, has been for some time enamored of Miss Eugenie, and has asked her in marriage this morning. I was told, also that her mother has no objection to the match."

"It may be," replied Mr. Jerome. "I know nothing about it; I do not see the Dupont family; but you know well that Miss Eugenie will never consent to that marriage, or any other; she will never marry but you."

"I heard also," continued Arthur, "that the younger lover was viewed favorably by Miss Eugenie."

"Slender!" replied Jerome, calmly.

"No, no!" exclaimed Raymond, in a pettish tone of a man fighting against his conscience, "I will not marry her."

"Send, then for the weapons, sir," said Mr. Jerome.

"Have you ever been to play?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, I have; formerly quite often."

"Have you read Mollere?"

"I once knew it by heart," again replied Mr. Jerome.

"Well, do you know that we are now playing Le Mariage de Figaro?"

"What do you call forced marriage, sir?" exclaimed Jerome. "You introduce yourself in a house where you were not wanted, where no one knows you. You abuse, in a cowardly manner, the hospitality which you receive by insinuating yourself into the affections of a young girl; you take advantage of her youth, of her innocence, you deceive her; and now you speak of forced marriage! Yes, marriage has been imposed upon one of the parties, it is upon a respectable family who has been compelled to accept you for a son-in-law. My words give you offence; your pride cannot hear them. Encouraged by the success of your evil deeds, you selected your victim, and you thought the daughter of Madame Dupont, an easy prey. Well, then, swords, since they are the only weapons which will bring you to your senses, or punish your villainy."

Arthur Raymond hurried towards the chateau, and brought himself the arms which were required. During his absence, Mr. Jerome incessantly fell into a reverie, similar to that which affected him before his first duel.

"Could I be mistaken," he muttered to himself, "and am I making use of unavailable means? Oh, God who sees and judges me! God who knows the sacredness of an oath to the dying, inspire me what I should do!"

Scarcely had Jerome uttered this invocation, than Arthur appeared with swords in his hands. Without exactly taking the appearance of his antagonist at that very moment, for an answer from Heaven, he abandoned himself to his natural impulse, and another duel commenced. This was still shorter than the former, and Jerome, wounded at his adversary on the right arm. Arthur dropped his sword, and Jerome, calm and dignified, bowed and left him without addressing to him a single word.

"Come now," said the doctor, "you must tell me who is the fencing master, who has taken such fancy to your arms, and who hits you with such wonderful skill. Upon my word, a surgeon would have a deal of trouble, in inflicting upon you so harmless a wound—Twenty-five leeches, my friend."

"I am a prey to leeches and Mr. Jerome," replied Arthur Raymond.

"But who is this Mr. Jerome?" again inquired the doctor. "Is he an Englishman, a *sans culotte*, or a Buonapartist?"

"He is a man, calm and dignified who has sworn to kill me by inches."

"Compromise with him, my dear fellow otherwise I will not answer for the consequences."

The wound of Arthur Raymond, although slight, brought on a violent fever; he had the most horrible dreams and saw all kinds of ghosts and phantoms. Only half-couraged, he felt keen remorse; and when the fever left him, he made serious reflections.

"Unable to divine who Mr. Jerome was, and trying even to banish the disagreeable remembrance from his mind, he could not, however, what motives could have led him to pursue such a strange course."

"Eugenie must have confided in one of her friends," said he to himself, "who, in her turn, confided to Mr. Jerome, and thus he must have learnt the secret."

A few days